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v.

Ar Heliwr.

Ceisiwch gareg dèg, dau gi,—a llwynog,

A lluniwch lun dyvrgi,

Da avelgar dau vilgi,

A charw rhudd ar ei chwr hi. (*Tudyr Vychan.*)

Y GLEW*.

Pan godo glew i gadu,

A o le i le ei lu

Ar ei ol, oer oreilid,

A braw ger ei law o lid;

Trwy vyd yr â o vedi,

Er ei lev y gwaed yw li,

O darv, o herw dyrvau,

Gân vin hyd y glin yn glau;

O bob trev, er oer grevu,

Y maga dan y mwg du.

Hyn yw mael y gormeiliad,

O vryd drwy vyd yw âr vrad,

Ei vŷn yn dŷn yw diva,

Er mwyn dwyn o enw da:

Angeu, gân aer oer yngod,

I bob glew edmyga glod.

Gorphenav 2 ved. 1821.

IDRISON.

English Poetry.

THE DEATH OF LLYWELYN †.

AIR—" *The Men of Harlech.*"

WHO is he, with eye dark gleaming,

Visage wild, yet noble seeming,

As the fount of life, fast streaming,

Rolls its purple tide?

* We extract this from the MANION in Mr. Owen Pughe's late publication, and recommend it particularly to those, who are apt to consider the Welsh language as harsh and inelegant. It would be difficult to select from any tongue a more remarkable instance of a contrary quality, of which the second line, in particular, is a singular specimen.—ED.

† This is another extract from Mr. Parry's late popular collection of "Welsh Melodies." For the words we are ourselves responsible.—ED.